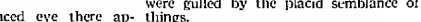


# THE

And there are some professing Christians whose characters will no better bear investigation than the employer of the story.



fortress is impregnable where its defenders  
sleep and the soldier of Christ who stands  
not constantly on guard is in danger of  
being captured by the crafty foe.

Leave no unguarded place,  
No weakness of the soul;  
Take every virtue, every grace,  
And fortify the whole.

Ere stars were thunder up or piled  
The Heavens, God thought on me, His  
child:  
Ordained a life for me."

If you think you've missed the mark,  
Use a smile.  
If your life seems in the dark,  
Why, just smile.  
Don't give up in any fight:  
There's a coming day that's bright,  
There's a dawn beyond the night,  
If you smile.

Tuesday, Deuteronomy 8 10-20. "Be-  
ware that thou forget not the Lord  
thy God." Moses sounds this special  
note of warning in view of the bright days  
ahead when, after their long wilderness

Wednesday, Deuteronomy 15: 7-18  
**"Thou shalt remember that thou  
 wast a bondman."** From this passage  
 we learn what God intended the relations  
 between employer and employed to be.  
 Though slavery was general at this time,  
 these laws, if obeyed, took away its sting.  
 When the master remembered that his  
 forefathers had been slaves in Egypt, and  
 when the servant loved his master, gener-

Refuge to  
Saturday, Gordon. Ages  
"Do unto Hyeys, fresh co  
have done," rom 1923. Br  
which will teach. 216  
no thought or consideration  
ings or rights of others, and  
punishment keeps them  
doing. Thus Israel "put th  
and learnt justice. But  
coming gave us the nobler  
ing good for evil.

When a bit of sunshine  
After passin' of a cloud  
When a fit of laughter  
And your spine is loosed  
Don't forget to up and  
At a soul that's feelin'  
For the minit that you  
It's a boomerang to you

One stormy night, some thirteen years ago, a young lad, with others, took part in a Young People's Meeting in Winnipeg Citadel. The sweetness and earnestness of the young lad's singing took hold of a poor drunken fellow to the ultimate made his way to the Pentecent-Form and underwent a remarkable transformation. This was Brother Hickery who has since been the means through his testimony and God's blessing of helping hundreds of Heavenwards.

And Jesus called a little child."

—Matt. 18:2



# Love He Cherishes Us

e the world for to live  
I made man to be in the  
all the time was not  
in crowds but a bunch  
of making and each  
Each one of the bands at  
a long thread of purpose  
ack through a long line  
before ever the sun hung  
One end of the thread is  
d now, the other end is  
in the hand of God and He is  
s now, "I have loved you."  
is of Paul to the Christians  
ly true, and our imagines  
them with his hush-  
heart quiet, and mystic  
e something very new.  
ve He chose to be his own  
creation of the world.  
h.) And he put this in  
word to the Thimonians,  
beloved of the Lord, I  
you from the coming  
and moons come out of  
ane,  
were thunder and piled  
ins, God thought of me, Ha  
ild:  
a life for me."

## my needs YOUR help

## IN THE ary Call Campaign

## ie Cracked Plate

man had a lovely Chinese  
curious raised figures upon  
ay it fell from the wall on  
hung and was cracked right  
middle. The gentleman sent to  
six more of these valuable  
to ensure an exact match sent  
a plate as a copy. To his  
amusement when some months  
he received the six plates and his  
e, he found the Chinese work-  
a faithfully followed his copy  
ew one had a crack across it  
itate the best of men, we are  
y their imperfections, but if we  
as our example we are quite  
perfect pattern. No fear of a  
is life. Twenty centuries of  
failed to discover one.

eration on the one hand, and  
vice on the other, would result  
friendship between them.  
y, Deuteronomy 18: 9-22. "I  
them up a prophet." This  
vised by the Jews as one of the  
erences to Christ, the Anointed  
Saviour said, "Alas speak of  
have here also a solemn warning  
to refuse to believe the words of  
God says, "I will require of  
e must not forget that, oppor-  
tunity brings responsibility.  
Deuteronomy 19: 1-13. "That  
blood be not shed in thy  
he people in the cities of refuge  
be wise, calm, sympathetic, and  
good judgment, so that while  
the murderer lives and pre-  
nounce. Safe the cities are avail-  
to save and defend others. So,  
in days, God's servants are avail-  
to earth - witness Cities of

Y. Gordon, Agassiz, 14-21.  
o Hyeon, fresh of the light to  
e," from 1923. But they have  
teach. 20-21. They have  
it or condemnation, and the  
feelings of others, and long but  
nt keeps them from being  
wrong. "I have loved you,"  
has Israel "put the law  
it justice. But the noblest  
ive us the nobler the reader-  
or evil.

## Bit of Sunshine

a bit of sunshine, ye,  
er passing of a cloud  
a fit of laughter and  
d your spine is feeling  
t forget to up and  
a soul that's feeling  
he mind that you  
s a boomerang to you

## Centenary Call Campaign

# THE CHALLENGE of the CHILD

## How to Prepare the Company Lesson

By Company-Guard Winnie Irwin, Winnipeg

### A BID FOR IMMORTALITY

Two Stories for Rally Day by "J.R.W."

A BRIGHT summer's day, and two men laying a concrete walk at the new filling-station. They work carefully, crowding the wet cement to lasting smoothness; a smoothness which may last for a generation as testimony of their skill and care.

The sunshine in the mid-afternoon is warm on their backs, as they work on hunches and knees; one of them hums softly with each caressing swing of his trowel. Since morning they have finished fifty feet of sidewalk around the station. No litter there, no mark, only the strong true lines cut to block it off. Trestles with planks between barricade it against passers-by. Until it hardens everyone must walk in the road, or cross to the other side. The trowels scrape and swing, the padded knees creep on. The fifty feet is sixty. An hour until quitting time.

Back beside the tool-box with the sloping lid stands a dog; an intellectual, shaggy dog, with a dejected tail. He has sniffed the two black-enamelled lunch-boxes, and the two coats lying above the boxes. They promise nothing. Life rarely promises anything for a dog like that.

A lady comes as far as the tool-box, sees the barricade, and starts across the street. Timidly the dog's weary eyes follow her, and the tip of his hanging tail wavers. He would welcome a glance, a glance and a cheering word. But she doesn't see him. He is the nondescript sort whom people seldom see. He passes under the first trestle, and looks down the sixty feet at the two workmen on their knees.

The dog advances on all fours over the new concrete, and the men do not see him until it is too late. They yell and the canine intruder scampers off, and then the men attempt to smooth out the marks left by the dog's feet.

But they can't smooth out all of them, for the cement near the tool-box is stiffening. And anyway, it's almost quitting-time. So some tracks remain.

They are there now. They will be there twenty, perhaps thirty years hence, long after the dejected mongrel dog has crawled away and died, and is forgotten.

Paw-marks in the sidewalk; his only claim to immortality. Is there not a lesson in this for some of us?

One stormy night, some thirteen years ago, a young lad, with others, took part in a Young People's Meeting in the Winnipeg Citadel. The sweetness and earnestness of the young lad's singing so took hold of a poor drunken fellow that he ultimately made his way to the Penitent-Form and underwent a remarkable transformation. This was Brother Bob Vickery who has since been the means, through his testimony and God's blessing, of helping hundreds Heavenwards.

Some five years ago Brother Vickery accompanied the Winnipeg Citadel Band on a trip through part of the United States and, as the occasion arose, gave his testimony with much acceptance.

(Continued foot Column 4)



The following instructive paper was read during one of the sessions of the recent Training Camp for Y.P. Local Officers conducted by Commissioner and Mrs. Rich at Sandy Hook. It should be of special interest to Young People's Workers.

"Be Prepared." That is the foreword of a certain well-known organization, and although it is scarcely used in the same sense as we wish to use it today, yet in it there is a whole world of good sense, for very little can be accomplished without some preparation.

Almost without exception we find that men and women of note have undergone a training in their younger years that has prepared them for the work they have accomplished later. Ofttimes we hear that the Army Mother read her Bible from cover to cover when a child, and we cannot help but feel that to no small degree it fitted her for those holy messages which she later gave to the world.

### Just as Important

The farmer prepares his land ere he sows his seed; the minister prepares his sermon ere he goes to his pulpit; and the editor prepares every word and line of picture of "The War Cry" ere he sends it to the press. And just as important is our message to the hearts of the children.

Many years ago there lived a king called David who purposed in his heart that he would build a temple that would be the dwelling place of the living God. St. Paul, in his epistle to the Corinthians,

tioning in the mind of a child. And again, the more we are prepared then the more capable and direct are going to be our words, and we will not have to search our brains for what we are going to say next.

When preparing let us read carefully the Bible story which we are authorized to teach, and before anything else get that fixed in our minds in a clear, simple way, perhaps fascinating, perhaps appealing, but whatever way, let us be very interested in the story, for 'tis likely that when the lesson which we draw from it fades, then the Bible word picture is still there, never to be forgotten.

### The Y.P. Company Orders

Then let us have before us our "Company Orders." And here I would like to pay tribute to those who prepare it, for in every line and word of it there is care and thought, and I know of no better book to aid us in our preparation. We have briefly and clearly satisfactory explanations of words, of customs and of the story, and finally of the lessons which may be drawn from the story. I have always found that it is well to study both the elder and the junior sections provided in the Orders. The Junior

## The Heart of a Child

IF YOU write upon paper, a careless hand may destroy it. If you write upon parchment, the dust of centuries may gather over it. If you write on marble, the moss may cover it, and the elements may erase it. If you grave your thoughts with a pen of iron upon the granite cliff, in the slow revolving years it shall wear away, and when the earth melts, your writing will perish. Write, then, on the heart of a child. There engrave your thought, and it shall endure when the world shall pass away, and the stars shall fall, and time shall be no more. For that heart is immortal, and your words written there shall live through all eternities.



said, "Ye are the temple of God." Who did he mean? The men?—yes! The women?—yes! The boys and girls?—I think so! And it is the boys and girls in whom we are interested as Company Guards, and whose spiritual development is partly under our care, sometimes entirely. Then, what greater or more important mission could be ours, for we are in some way building up on the temple of God. A pure ideal here—a nobler outlook there, and although God does not rule and reign in many of their hearts, yet if we are faithful to our task, how many more responsive they are going to be when that gentle, pleading voice is heard.

### In Abundance

But let us go back to the story of David. What does it say about the building of the temple? It says that David prepared. Ah! there we are back to that all-important word again. But more than that we read that David prepared "in abundance," and therein lies another important factor. For although it is probable that David did not use everything that he had in readiness for the building, yet everything he needed was there and if one piece was flawed or did not fit, then there was always another to take its place.

And so let us not spare time or thought when we study our lesson, for although it is not likely that we will use every illustration or thought that we have in readiness, yet if questions arise and explanations are demanded, as they very often are, then all the time and thought and care that we have put into our lesson is worth while if we can satisfy the ques-

deals more graphically with the story and the Elder with the lessons that may be learned, so if we are teaching an older Company, do not let us despise the junior lesson, and if we are teaching a junior lesson, it is very wise to study beforehand the elder portion.

When we have the story firmly fixed in our minds, then we can draw our lesson from it, and let it be something to fit in with the every day happenings in the lives of the children—in their home, at school, or at play. Drop a word here and a word there that may help them when they are not surrounded by quite such good influences, but do not make it too long or draw out our explanations so that it is likely to tire.

### Spend Time with Jesus

Now let me bring this paper to a close with just one more important item in the preparation of a lesson, and in doing so let me repeat the words of a well-known divine, who, when dealing with the Gospel according to St. Mark, told how the disciples were with Jesus for a considerable time ere they received the command—"Go ye, and preach the Gospel," and he said that he hoped every Sunday School teacher spent some time with Jesus ere he or she taught a class. These words have never left me, and I realize the importance of them, and so do not let us forget that although we can learn much from our Bible and various other sources, yet at the Throne of Grace there is a place of preparation, for it there we shall find our source of power to teach.



"There is a lad here."  
—John 6: 9.

## THE ACORN AND THE OAK

A Rapid Review of the Development of The Army's Young People's Work

THE world-encircling Young People's Work of The Army began in a little English home—the home of The Army's Founders. While their parents were out in the highways and byways compelling drunkards and law-breakers, sinners of every class to come in, the saved Booth children, moved with youthful zeal, and perhaps to a little extent by childish imitateness, were conducting unorganized gatherings in their own school-room, to which they invited the children of neighbors.

One of these enthusiasts, our present General, carried the idea beyond the family threshold, when, on the first Sunday afternoon in April, of 1869, the first children's Salvation Meeting was held in Bethnal Green Road, London, for the General, then a young man, made the children's work his own particular care.

From that children's Meeting there sprang such a work, so widely scattered and employing people of such widely-varying temperaments, that some definite rulings had to be given from time to time. About ten years from the commencement of this branch of the Work, its own newspaper, "The Little Soldier" (now known as "The Young Soldier") was also founded.

### Give Their Testimonies

In January, 1888, the Founder conducted at Clapton a day of Council for Junior Soldiers' Staff and Junior Soldiers' Sergeants, and on the previous night he had at the Regent Hall, London, a remarkable Meeting when two hundred Junior Soldiers, and no grown-up people (except the Junior Soldiers' Officers), surrounded him on the platform, and the children gave their testimonies.

Then, in 1880, came the development of the Sunday afternoon Company Meetings. In 1892 the Band of Love was inaugurated followed by the Young People's Legion. The Work continued to grow. Junior Cadets, afterwards called Corps Cadets, were formed, and there are now hundreds of Brigades throughout the world.

Young People's Bands and Singing Companies were added to the list of activities, and more recently the Life-Saving Movement was originated, when, in 1913, the Life-Saving Scouts, and in 1915 the Life-Saving Guards sprang into popularity. The Chum Brigade gave their first salute in 1917, and the Sunbeams in 1921.

## A Bid For Immortality

(Continued from Column 1)

Recently the Band again toured "over the line" and the Bandsmen were delighted to come across two young Officers who dated their conversion to the Band's visit five years before to their respective home towns.

And so we could relate many more stories of testimonies, messages, and work done in weakness for the Lord, but we leave these incidents with the reader with the hope that the important lesson of starting early in life to love and serve God may be as another "paw mark in the cement."

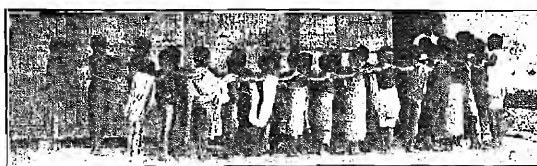


82 Countries & Colonies - 59 Languages - 14,719 Corps & Outposts - 22,847 Officers & Aides

### Dusky-skinned Salvationists who Have a Passion for Souls

A gentleman addressed the pupils in a deaf and dumb institute, by means of crayon on the blackboard. Much keenness, insight, even wit was shown in their replies. Finally he wrote: "Why has God made me to hear and speak, and you doing neither?" *Hea's* went down: eyes were sufficed. It seemed a cruel question. Then a lad werged out of his seat and taking the crayon, wrote, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." What else to answer?

### Hospital Extension and Institutional Progress



Loner children of Java who have come under The Army's care.

"WE have recently had the pleasure of welcoming the new Session of Cadets into Training," writes Lt.-Colonel Rawie, General Secretary for the Dutch East Indies, in a dispatch to hand. "They arrived on the Monday and were publicly welcomed by Lt.-Commissioner Palstra, the Territorial Commander, the following Sunday. Though they are not a numerous company, they are a promising one. They include amongst them, Indo-Europeans, Chinese, Ambonese and Timorese comrades."

"In addition to their important engagements, the Territorial Commander and Mrs. Palstra, have paid a visit to Celebes, where they transacted business and conducted Officers' Meetings, as well as public gatherings. Both at the Divisional Headquarters and the Kalawara Leper Colony many matters of importance were discussed, while special conferences were held at Makassar, where we have a well attended Home for service men.

"Recently the two new wings of the William Booth Memorial Hospital were officially opened. These extensions, with the increased accommodation, have followed quickly upon the erection of the hospital itself. The opening date of the new wings stands out as a red letter day in the annals of the history of the hospital. A number of important citizens had made their way to the Reijniersz Boulevard, and the tastefully decorated tent which was erected for the occasion was filled with an appreciative company.

"Among the many who had accepted the invitation to attend this function, were, the Resident of Soerabaja, the Burgomaster of Soerabaja, with their ladies, and it was gratifying to us that the Burgomaster had agreed to conduct the opening of the new buildings. There were also present the Commandant of the Marine, the Vice Consul of the British, Vice Consul the Medical Inspector and other medical gentlemen, while many representatives of Commerce and civic authorities were present, as well as newspaper reporters.

"The wife of the Burgomaster cut the ribbon, which had closed the entrance to the new buildings, and then, in company

with the Territorial Leaders and Staff, the new buildings were inspected. All were delighted with the practical way everything was arranged. The operation room, the policlinic and the laboratory received specially warm praise. Expression of appreciation and thanks were not wanting. The Burgomaster and the Resident both expressed themselves in terms of appreciation for the work being carried on by The Salvation Army. The Medical Inspector, Professor Dr. Rodenwald spoke. He said he was greatly taken up with the way the hospital had been built and equipped. He realised that great thought and care had been given to the hospital's details, which are so important in a hospital of this character. The Professor then referred to the history and consideration of hospital service which are characteristic of The Salvation Army.

On the occasion of the official visit of His Excellency the Governor General of the Netherlands to the Dutch East Indies, word was received that His Excellency wished to visit our Military Home. This home provides accommodation for the men of Her Majesty's service. It is a place where they can read, write or recreate; in addition to this Salvation Meetings are held for their benefit. The Governor General arrived, accompanied by Government and military authorities. Included amongst the distinguished company present were Japanese Princes in their old Japanese attire. The Governor General was received by Lt. Colonel Rawie, and words of warm welcome expressed.

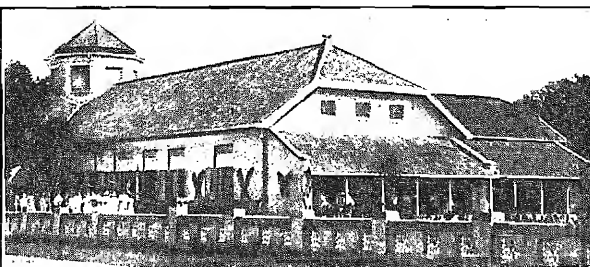
The Governor General expressed his pleasure and appreciation of the work of The Army, and when looking at the Meeting Hall, expressed his particular interest in its neat appearance, and commented upon its suitability. It was a pleasant surprise for His Excellency when the "Little Singing Birds," as the Japanese children from the Army's Home for children, are now called, sang a quaint old Japanese song for him. In their beautiful, but simple Japanese garb, the children looked very sweet and it was a pleasant thing to see them waving their hands from the Army's Home, sending flowers to the daughters of His Excellency."

Further evidence of the progress of the Salvation Army Bands in the city was the recent journey of the units to Kyushu and Shiba Bands to Kofu, a small town five hours distant from Tokyo. Arriving at 5 o'clock Saturday evening, the Bands announced their arrival with a stirring march through the main street to the public hall. Here, a packed audience of seven hundred and fifty gave them a rousing ovation. The Kyushu Band, having paid twenty sent to the local people said there is no theatrical or musical event in this city every Saturday evening, but that next before has there been such a crowd of that which packed the building for the visit of the Bands. On Sunday morning, the Kyushu

Meeting was held in the Armory Hall and there were nine seekers after Holiness. In the afternoon a musical Salvation Meeting was held in the park, and at night a Salvation Meeting was conducted in the special hall again, many coming to the Mercy Seat for Salvation. The Officers were delighted with the success of the Campaign, and declare that the whole town was influenced. The men left on Sunday midnight, and were back at their work early on the Monday morning, demonstrating the same self-sacrificing spirit that characterizes Army Bandsmen in all parts of the world.

During one of the recent Tent Campaign Prayer Meetings in Amsterdam an Officer spoke to a young woman who was evidently deeply affected by the Meeting. "Would you not like to kneel at the Penitent-Form?" she asked. "I would," said the young woman, "but if I do I shall cry!" "But what of that?" said the Officer. "Oh, I cannot," replied the distressed young woman. "I have forgotten to bring my pocket-handkerchief!" "You may borrow mine," said the Officer, and the young woman yielded, cried into the borrowed handkerchief and received the assurance of peace with God.

In connection with the official inauguration of the work being done by The Army amongst the natives, His Excellency the Governor gave splendid prominence to the occasion, and as a result public interest in this new phase of Army activity was greatly stimulated. His Excellency, the acting Governor, Hon. A. S. Joff, C.K.G., together with Mrs. Joff, and supported by a number of distinguished ladies and gentlemen, was present at both the afternoon and evening gatherings arranged in connection with the inauguration. His Excellency, at the afternoon evening ceremony paid a fine tribute to the work of The Army. Later, in a larger assembly of citizens, he paid further honor to the



**The William Booth Memorial Hospital, Java**

The Editor Receives  
Letter from a Member  
Army's Open-Air

Dear Editor:

I recently listened to the Army on a prominent radio station feel that they were to pay a small tribute to you and the great work which you do.

Before hearing The Army I had already been to the large churches. Churching for me had as much to do with the parents as with the children. I was glad to hear that you were doing a good deal of changing of churches and that you were attending church services in small towns and villages. I was glad to hear that you were going to places that were remote and that you were holding them in a schoolhouse.

In a majority of cases you would attend a service of prayer and singing. I am sure you do, but I have heard pleasure, the message in it as given on the street in the East and West, and in Canada, on mountains seems that wherever you go most places I have been, and that you are going to that halfway to meet the sinner.

was this morning I heard a  
sincere, Christian pastor  
sweet winsome girl sang  
and altogether it was a bit  
But this afternoon, as I  
holding it in my hand, I  
setting appeared very  
The background to the  
her parlor on one corner,  
another corner and then  
station across the road.  
consisted largely of red  
and a few pictures of  
another; a complete dis-  
people to those well-dress-  
of mine in the morning  
plain, sincere and effective  
there was some beautiful  
and its instruments of  
the most of the most  
During the service a  
girl passed among the rows  
her tambourine taking a  
then, at the close of the  
marched away and I car-  
son pondering over what

When you receive this probably be in the harvest say that having lost a woman by death, and a good husband the East some years ago, I have been more or less a wanderer, none more less glad to hear an encouraging word to those doing a good work.—M

A little girl had once been  
by hearing the talk of older  
the power and vicious spirit  
On the first opportunity she  
father: "Is Satan bigger than  
"Yes," replied her father.  
"Is he bigger than you?"  
"Ah, yes," was the sad re-  
"And is Satan bigger  
"briest?"

"Well, then," said the little girl, sitting up, "I don't care a rap."

**"And another th**



Is your baby's name on

Q: The nearest Corps  
is glad to furnish full





## THE WAR CRY

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in  
 Founder William Booth  
 General Bramwell Booth

Canada West and Alaska  
 International Headquarters  
 London, England

Territorial Commander,  
 Lieut.-Colonel Chas. Rich,  
 317-519 Carlton St.,  
 Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor, Lt.-Colonel Joy.

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### GENERAL ORDERS

**HARVEST FESTIVAL, 1928**—Staff and Field Officers are requested to note that Harvest Festival Celebrations should be held throughout the Canada West Territory during the month of September. Actual Corps dates will be decided by the Divisional Commander.

**YOUNG PEOPLE'S RALLY DAY** will be observed at all Corps throughout the Territory on Sunday, September 16th.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
 TERRITORIAL COMDR.

### OFFICIAL GAZETTE

(By Authority of the General)

Official Gazette—  
 (By Authority of the General)  
 Staff-Captain Edith Hansell, Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, to be Major.

CHAS. T. RICH,  
 Territorial Commander.



Major Edith Hansell, who receives the hearty congratulations of her comrades and friends in the Territory on her elevation to that rank. The Major, as is well known, is the Assistant Superintendent of the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg, and her services in that institution are most highly valued. The Major recently left on a visit to the Old Land and with her go the good wishes of her comrades.

### VOLUNTEERS WANTED

We repeat the request made in our last issue in connection with the forthcoming "Babies Day" on behalf of the Grace Hospital, Winnipeg. Taggers and workers are needed for this worthy event and Major Oake, the organizer, will be glad to hear from volunteers. Phone 88003 or write the Major at 317, Carlton Street.

## Japan's New Headquarters Opened

HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL CONGRESS MEETINGS LED BY LT.-COMMISSIONER YAMAMURO

THE disastrous earthquake which devastated Tokio, the Capital of Japan, and appalled the world in 1923, it will be remembered, razed the Territorial Headquarters building to the ground. This staggering reverse was met with heroic fortitude and courage by our Japanese Comrades, and now we rejoice to learn that after a lapse of five years the official opening of the new building is now an accomplished fact.

The opening took place in connection with the Annual Congress Meetings and in spite of torrential rain and unfavorable weather conditions, the Central Hall was packed. Many people were left standing in the passageways of both ground floor and gallery.

On the platform were Mr. Moghizuki (Minister for Home Affairs), Doctor Nitobe (one of Japan's delegates to the League of Nations at Geneva), Bishop Uzuki (of the Methodist Church), and representatives of the Premier, the Minister for the Imperial Household, the Minister for Education, the Minister of Justice, the Governor of the Tokio Prefecture, the Mayor of Tokio and Viscount Shibusawa. The Home Minister, Mr. Moghizuki, had declined fourteen other invitations to

attend meetings and functions in order to be present.

Doctor Nitobe highly eulogized The Army's spirit of Internationalism, expressed pleasure in the many points of contact he had established with The Army in various parts of the world. He declared that The Army's well-known aggressive fighting was not incompatible with a desire for world peace, the fact being that the fighting instinct ought not to be repressed but directed into right channels. The Army's victories bring lasting peace into men's lives, he said.

Bishop Uzuki, who spoke at the great welcome to the General at Ilihiya Park, Tokio, again spoke eloquently of his admiration for The Army.

After the opening ceremony, five hundred distinguished visitors were conducted around the building.

One of the features of the Congress gatherings led by Lieut.-Commissioner Yamamuro was the presence of Local Officers and Soldiers from distant parts.

The commissioning of fifty-seven Cadets and their appointment as Officers of the Japanese Field brought to conclusion a highly successful series of Congress Meetings.

## Territorial Table Talk

Winnipeg, September 1st

The public Welcome Meetings of the new Cadets are scheduled to take place in Winnipeg on the last Sunday in September, when our Territorial Leaders will be in command. The "Hub City" Comrades are looking forward to this interesting annual event. Times of the gatherings and place to be announced later.

Lord Lovat, chairman of the Overseas Settlement Board, now touring the Dominion, at a conference on emigration matters held in the Royal Alexandra Hotel, Winnipeg, on Monday afternoon last, paid a warm tribute to The Army's work. Ensign Isabella Murray, of the Immigration Department, Toronto, represented The Army at this gathering and was among those invited to speak.

We heard recently of a young comrade who, wishing to visit his mother some hundreds of miles away and not having the price of train fare, worked his way along on a cattle train. He travelled with rough-and-ready companions but kept The Army Colors flying high. This is the kind of spirit that has made the West famous.

### SAVE THE CHILDREN

SOME time ago, we remember, a large crowd of people stood upon a bridge in Winnipeg, watching the swirling, eddy-ing flood which swept underneath, bearing on its bosom every imaginable kind of debris, the result of a cloud-burst in the vicinity.

Roofs of houses, hen coops, trees and the carcasses of drowned animals floated past in seeming endless procession and held the attention of the watchers for many hours at a stretch.

Presently a large tree, its branches and leaves projecting well out of the water, drifted in sight, swiftly borne on by the current. At the same time a curious wailing cry was heard by the gazing crowd, seeming to come from overhead. Suddenly a mother robin ceased in her wild flight and came fluttering down towards the heads of the people. It was

seen then that the branches of the tree floating towards the bridge contained a nest with young birds inside. On swept the tree, followed by the mother bird still uttering her piercing cry of distress until lost to view.

There are being borne along today on the restless current of life large numbers of young people who, for the time being, do not see the dangers which lie at the end of their journey. Like the mother bird, however, there are those, and among them are our splendid Y.P. Workers and Company Guards, who are fully alive to the snares which beset our youth, and are endeavoring to enlist the aid of the onlookers as well as making desperate attempts to save their young charges.

Let all, this coming fall and winter, launch out into a mighty effort to save the children from the destructive floods of sin and iniquity. God graciously bestowing His own mighty aid with ours.

"For of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"

## Winnipeg Grace Hospital

"BABIES DAY", SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd

Your help is earnestly solicited.

## THE ANNUAL CONGRESSES



Colonel Mary Booth, the second daughter of the General and Mrs. Booth, who, as announced last week, will conduct the Annual Fall Congresses in Western Canada.

We are now able to definitely inform our readers that the Congress in Winnipeg will take place from Friday, Oct. 12th to Tuesday, Oct. 16th, and the Vancouver Congress from Friday, Oct. 19th to Tuesday, Oct. 23rd.

Pray that these gatherings may be abundantly blessed of God in the Salvation of souls and the stirring up of God's people. Further details will be published later.

### COMMISSIONER AND MRS. MAPP

After an absence of some five months, during which he has visited The Army in the U.S.A., Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, Commissioner Henry Mapp has arrived back at the International centre with inspiring tidings concerning the victories he has been privileged to witness. He was given a warm welcome at Waterloo Station, and has already had important interviews with the Chief of the Staff. With him on arrival was Mrs. Mapp, who has spent some time in the U.S.A., and Major Frank Taylor, who has been with the Commissioner throughout the journey.

### COMMISSIONER MITCHELL

Serious Operation Successfully Undergone in Stockholm

It is with a feeling of relief and gratitude to God that we learn that Commissioner George Mitchell has successfully undergone the major operation for which he entered a Stockholm hospital a week or two ago.

For some time, as announced in a recent issue, Sweden's Commander has been in poor health, and the step which we have indicated lately became necessary.

A second cable to hand states that the doctors are hopeful.

### THE CHIEF SECRETARY

We are glad to inform our readers that the second annual Congress performed on Colonel Miller, the Chief Secretary, and which took place on Monday last in the General Hospital, has been successful and that the Colonel is doing well. Mrs. Brigadier Taylor was with Mrs. Colonel Miller at the hospital during the operation and the latter especially was the recipient of the many prayers and good wishes of the Comrades. Wherever we will, we are sure, hear him before God that he may make a full recovery.

## Centenary Call Campaign

THE ARMY'S WORK for children and young people has already made very substantial progress in all countries, or nearly all the countries, which our Flag is flying. It is carried on not only for the benefit of children of our own people—of whom, of course, there are hundreds of thousands—but it is organized on a distinctive aggressive plan by which we are endeavoring to reach the outside children and young people who have been said to be outside the influences of definite religious teaching.

We are encouraged to seek the extension of this work not only here and in the Western land, but also in the East, where we are encouraged to this extent chiefly because we have proved our possibilities; that is to say, that much of the work we are now doing has passed out of the experimental stage, and its aim is seen to be a possibility for peoples.

Consciously Born into the Kingdom of Christ. We have proved, to begin with, the children, even the young child, may be saved by the grace of God, they may be consciously born into the Kingdom of Christ, and that they have for themselves the assurance of favor and be kept in that state of salvation by His power.

We have proved, also, that the memories of children to the power of Christ in their own lives make a special appeal to other children and to young people, that when they have that new life, witness of that life may be seen in all that pertains to childhood. Christ may manifest in their play, in their life, in their friendships, in all the associations which we commonly tribute to childhood's years and in Christ may be seen to come again in the form of the child and in the life of childhood.

NOW, there's one thing that I do think our Sarah is a trifle too anxious about, and that is over making the children into Officers.

I am a Salvationist myself, and I believe in the "Blood-and-Faith" plan, or else I should not do for the Sergeant-Major. Still, you can even important things too far, for Sarah you see, will not be content with children being saved and getting into Heaven; she wants them all to be Officers and that is rather a high target to aim at.

She says to me: "Why not, Sergeant-Major? Can anybody tell me why shouldn't be? They are all healthy, strong and have got the perfect use of their faculties. Is there anything so important they can do in the world? They belong to Jesus Christ; I have heard you say so yourself, and the General says Officers of the right sort are the need of The Army; and why shouldn't my children be the right sort? And shouldn't they go to help the dear Lord? And they shall, if I can rule; and I'm going to rule, if I can!" And then she wailed about it.

### Did Most as They Liked

You see, the first three came into the world in a bit of a hurry, and grew to be pretty big children, and did much

## Centenary Call Campaign

Every hour and every power for Christ and Duty

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## Centenary Call Campaign

## The Army's Crusade for the Young

By THE GENERAL

Our Leader indicates The Army's attitude towards the rising generation in every land

## Centenary Call Campaign

THE ARMY'S WORK for children and young people has already made very substantial progress in all the countries, or nearly all the countries in which our Flag is flying. It is work carried on not only for the benefit of the children of our own people—of whom, of course, there are hundreds of thousands—but it is organized on a distinctly aggressive plan by which we are endeavoring to reach the outside children—the children and young people who may be said to be outside the influences of any definite religious teaching.

We are encouraged to seek the extension of this work not only here and in other Western land, but also in the East, and we are encouraged to this extension chiefly because we have proved certain possibilities; that is to say, that much of the work we are now doing has passed out of the experimental stage, and its aim is seen to be a possibility for all peoples.

## Consciously Born into the Kingdom

We have proved, to begin with, that the children, even the young children, may be saved by the grace of God, that they may be consciously born into the Kingdom of Christ, and that they may have for themselves the assurance of His favor and be kept in that state of Salvation by His power.

We have proved, also, that the testimonies of children to the power of Christ in their own lives make a special appeal to other children and to young people, and that when they have that new life, the witness of that life may be seen in all that pertains to childhood. Christ may be manifested in their play, in their school life, in their friendships, in all those associations which we commonly attribute to childhood's years and, indeed, Christ may be seen to come again in the form of the child and in the life of childhood.

NOW, there's one thing that I do think our Sarah is a trifle too anxious about, and that is over making the children into Officers.

I am a Salvationist myself, and my Salvation is of the "Blood-and-Fire" sort, or else I should not do for the Corps Sergeant-Major. Still, you can carry even important things too far, for Sarah, you see, will not be content with the children being saved and getting to Heaven; she wants them all to be Officers, and that is rather a high target to aim at.

She says to me: "Why not, Sergeant-Major? Can anybody tell me why they should not be? They are all healthy and strong and have got the perfect use of their faculties. Is there anything half so important they can do in the world? They belong to Jesus Christ; I have heard you say so yourself, and the General says Officers of the right sort are the great need of The Army; and why should not my children be the right sort? And why shouldn't they go to help the dear Lord? And they shall, if I can rule; and I am going to rule, if I can! And then she gets excited about it.

## Did Mostly as They Liked

You see, the first three came into the world in a bit of a hurry, and grew up to be pretty big children, and did mostly

We have proved that when the child age is past and the years on the threshold of manhood and womanhood are entered upon, life can be exalted—that it can be lifted up so as to be a life really after the pattern of Christ's own life.

Those years are admittedly the most difficult years, at any rate, in these Western lands. In those difficult years of adolescence, of changing into early manhood and maturity, Christ may become as really the dominating force, the controlling power, as in the later years.

## King of our Hearts

Oh, I do feel that nothing has proved of greater interest to my own spirit, to my own mind, than witnessing how the lads and the lasses, the youths and the maidens, may be truly possessed by the Spirit of Jesus, and may manifest to those of older years that Christ can indeed be the King of our hearts.

Well, we have seen this: we have proved it; it is going on all around us; it is a fact not only here in our own land, but is to be seen in the other lands.

And we have proved that such young people, as we designate them, can become powerful instruments in the hands of God to win their fellows, beginning with their own families.

There must be many thousands of Salvation Soldiers today, particularly in the Western countries, who have been won for God by their young folks, and often where mothers and fathers have been lacking in that they have not

brought the little ones to Christ, the children have taken their place, and God's order has been strangely and yet beneficently transposed, and instead of the parents leading the children to God—oh, we have seen it again and again—the children have led the parents to God.

All over the world, as I move about from land to land, I see and hear of families, and sometimes groups of families, that have been brought to God, that have been shown the way of Life, that have been led into the Everlasting Paths by the children who have first found a living Saviour.

Then we have proved that the children and the young people can become, on their own account, soul-winners; that, young as they may be, they can become an important reinforcement of energy and confidence and life to our older forces.

## A Mighty Force

And I see everywhere signs of the increasing volume of that strength in the enlargement of the young people's hearts and minds, and in their devotion to the great business of making known the love and power of God. Depend upon it, when Jesus Christ said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," He was thinking not only of the Salvation of the children themselves, but He had in mind the mighty force that would be represented by their fervor and confidence and life.

## Sarah Talks Straight About the Children

And she gets her own way after all

By the Corps Sergeant-Major

as they liked worse luck! before their father and mother were converted; and Tom, the eldest, when he was about fourteen, went off to America with a neighbor, who took a great fancy to him, and promised to look after him, and nothing else would satisfy the boy; and though his mother was dead set against it, he teased me until I consented; and off he went; and then Sarah so abused me about it that I repented, and had a week's drinking over it, which ended, strange to say, in my getting beautifully saved.

Bless the Lord for that! My Heavenly Father knows how to bring good out of evil. But then his mother has never stopped fretting about Tom going away. She often cries herself to sleep at nights, thinking about his poor soul, and telling God that He must save him.

And then, unfortunately, instead of getting good news about the boy, it comes worse and worse. He does not write very often himself now, and he never answers my questions about Salvation.

Sarah is really vexed about him. For, she says: "Only think what a thing it would be if the devil was to get the eldest in the family to spend his life in making a fortune and go to Hell at last, when he might be winning souls, and end up in Heaven! No," she says. "The Army ought to have him for Jesus Christ, and it shall do, if I can shape it!"

But I was saying, it seems as how as Tom has got into bad company, does a little betting and takes nips of brandy and cocktails and such things. Now, I don't know what cocktails are, except it is that they stir the spirits they drink

with feathers of some sort. Anyway, from the latest accounts, poor Tom is going down the broad road, and that at a pretty round pace.

Now, when I had read the last letter over to Sarah, and she was crying over it fit to break her heart, I felt I must say something to comfort her, and so I says: "Sarah, ought we to be surprised at this? Isn't it all through my example? What did he see in his father—and, as far as that goes, in his mother, as well—to lead to anything different?—for we both lived very far away from God. What else could we expect?"

And you should have seen her!—all at once she wiped her tears away with her apron. She always has a nice clean apron on, no matter what work she is doing. Well, she wiped her tears away, and her eyes flashed fire, and she turned on me furious-like, and she says:

"What can I expect, Sergeant-Major? Why, I'll tell you what I expect—I expect that God is going to convert the boy. That is what I expect. Nothing else will do for his mother, whether it does for his father or not."

"Haven't I repented for him, and cried myself to sleep nights without number, and prayed for his Salvation every day since God converted my poor soul?—and does not our Captain say that if we believe with all our hearts God will give us the things for which we ask?—and if that comes true of strangers in the Hall won't it come true of our own flesh and blood? Yes, I believe that God is going to convert Tom, and make an Officer of him. Of course I do. I can't be happy here with Tom serving the devil in

Many of you have not heard much of those wonderful religious movements of the past which were called the Crusades. The Crusades were wonderful in their absolute negation of self. Mistaken as many of them were in object, the spirit which animated them was of the most marvellous and beautiful character.

And amongst those Crusades none were more wonderful or beautiful than the Children's Crusade. Well, it seems to me that here in The Salvation Army world we are showing again something of that wonderful forgetfulness of self, that abandonment of earthly gains and pleasures, when we see the young people stretching out their hearts and hands for the rescue of others.

## Moulding Young Lives

In these days when so much that is subversive of family life, of home life, indeed, of honest life, is borne into the minds, and brought before the eyes of the young, I feel that The Army is rendering a service of immense value in thus moulding the lives of the young people coming under its influence.

If our children fail, then the nation will fail, and The Army will fail—everything will fail. But if the children and young people can be held to God, then we shall have indeed a glorious future, not only a future for The Salvation Army, but a prosperous future for the Kingdom of Christ.

You Salvationists, do not be discouraged because your progress is so slow compared with the need. Go on, ever on, with your work. Rise up to be more desperate in your efforts to bring the children to Christ. He will help you. And if you, dear friends of The Salvation Army who may be reading this, can stretch out a helping hand, then we ask you to do it, and may God bless you all and pour out His grace upon the young people of the world!

America; and how could I be happy in Heaven with my poor Tom in Hell, especially when I should be thinking all the time that it was through his mother's example before she was converted, and her neglect of his soul after she was saved? "No," I tell you, Sergeant-Major, that it is all very well for fathers to be faint-hearted about the Salvation of their children, but a mother what feels her responsibility is different. She will be resolved to have her children saved, whether they will or no; and I am going to have Tom saved if I have to go to America on purpose. I am a very bad sailor; but Tom's soul must be saved, and if it is necessary I'll face the dangers of the stormy seas to get him converted and made into an Officer; for I believe that is what he was born for; and I don't mean Providence to be bested by the devil if I can help it!"

## His Mother's Example

Then I says to her: "Sarah, is not this ingratitude for all the goodness of God to you? And isn't it like flying in the face of your Heavenly Father, and being ungrateful in forgetting all His wonderful goodness to your other children? Have you not got three of them saved, and aren't they the best children in the world

(Continued on page 8)

## Centenary Call Campaign

Every hour and every power for Christ and Duty

## Centenary Call Campaign

By the pathway of duty flows the river of God's grace



## The Deliberations of Daniel Domore



Slow City, Mass.  
September 1st.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Glory be to goodness, we shall not be here after this weekend. If ever man (and woman) knew the true inward meaning of being "fed-up" it's your own unworthy, humble servant, Daniel Domore, Envoy. It seems as if we have been here ever since the old General went down to Mile End Waste. But one must not complain, Dorcas says I am looking better in the face, and I feel better, and she has put on nearly ten pounds since coming here, so we shall have something to take away with us.

I thought you would be interested in hearing how we got on with our Radio Service last Sunday night. We had a splendid crowd present. There was Dorcas and me, and the storekeeper and his wife, and his sister-in-law, and her husband, and his mother, and the girl from the telephone office, and the man who is running the farm at the next Section to us, only he is a foreigner and does not understand English. We made a nice little company.

We tuned in on some city down in the States, and got in just at the end of some Meeting. There was a man shouting out, "Is my son John here? Where is my son John?" and the old mother-in-law got quite nervy again, and looked at me as if I had that boy John hidden in the house.

Then the preacher said, "Oh, here he is, here's my son, John." "Now, John," he shouted, "I want you to sing 'Back to my Father and Home,' and 'John' began to sing it, in the loudest kind of a shout you have ever heard. I began to wish he would go back to his home—or that I could, to mine.

So I gave the pointer a little move, and then, oh, then it was just lovely. I heard the machine say, and it was music in my ears—this is C.K.Y. Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada. The Salvation Army Citadel Band." I just sat me back to listen. Dorcas smoothed down her apron over her knees, and the rest of the little crowd, they looked as happy as four bits, especially the foreigner.

The Band played a real Army tune, and Dorcas forgot, where she was and joined in singing. "Tell me the old, old Story," and so did I, and so did the others, all except that poor old Ruthenian, and he nodded his head.

Then somebody prayed, I think it was the Adjutant, and after that they sang ever so many choruses, and the Songsters sang—bless them—and the Band played again, and after that we had the collection, and I passed round a plate and took up a dollar and fifty cents—the foreigner gave the dollar—and then we had such a nice address. It sounded like the Commissioner. Oh, I was pleased. Just like being at home it was. After the address had finished, I called on our Meeting, which was almost spoilt because I had forgotten to turn off the radio, and ABXYZ or some other call struck in.

I thought you would be interested in these particulars, and might like to make a special mention of it. What a blessing those Army Radio programmes are. It nearly reconciled me to staying on at Slow City, but we've got our reservations made for the Monday afternoon train, so I guess I'll be turning in to see you one day next week. Sorry you have not said anything about rises or drops, but of course that is your kindness, because you know I have been on holiday.

Yours still in the War,

Daniel Domore, Envoy.

## Salvation Adventures Awheel

The Chariots roll on to fresh victories—Large crowds hear the Message of the Cross

### The Alberta Chariot

ALTHOUGH the Saturday night Meeting at Coronation had to be cancelled because of a heavy thunderstorm, the following Sunday morning saw the Charioteers holding an Open-Air with a good number of townsfolk listening interestedly. In the afternoon music was given to the inmates of the local hospital. The four Charioteers assisted the Rev. Mr. Armstrong with his evening service and several persons expressed their pleasure at hearing the singing and playing of the visitors.

Immediately after the service the touring party held an Eventide Meeting, at which there was a good attendance. The audience joined in the singing of the old hymns and although the weather was cool, stood and intently listened to the Salvation message.

After a few miles running through mud the Chariot landed in Throne. Two elevators, one store and two houses comprised this town. People from the country came in for the Meeting but about the time for the start, the weather turned quite chilly.

### Salvation in a Station

The Charioteers realizing that the folk would be cold standing for some two hours in the open, set out to get the distant school house as a meeting place, only to find that it had been vanished inside. There was only one place left and that was the small station. Quickly we arranged the boxes and tubs stored there in a row and hustled out after some planks which were converted into benches. One Charioteer raced for the schoolhouse while another made tracks for the lone store. Soon we were both back with lamps which were placed in the station. Here fifteen of an audience gathered and listened very attentively. At the close of the service in response to an invitation, four raised their hands for prayer.

A real good crowd heard the message at Veteran the following night. The visitors pleased their hearers with their music and song. Rev. Simpson, the Baptist Minister, testified from the Chariot and his message was with power. Four hands were raised for prayer.

During the afternoon at Consort the Charioteers played at the hospital where their efforts were appreciated. It was found that in this town the children could certainly sing. Captain Bamsey had the young folk singing lustily, while Lieut. Allan shouted his approval from the other side of the road. Although no visible results the four were confident that God Himself had spoken to many.

Monitor was the next stop. The adults of this town sang exceptionally well and put their hearts into the Meeting. Seven young people, ages ranging from eleven to sixteen came forward desiring to seek the Saviour. The Charioteers were privileged here to meet Bro. Rickman, an old Salvationist from Eastern Canada. He is superintendent of the local Sunday School and is still a uniformed Salvationist.

### The Manitoba Chariot

THURSDAY, August 9th, found us at Rathwell, where we had a bright, interesting Meeting. Here we met a young minister of the Gospel, very zealous in his work for the kingdom of God. At La Riviere we had a blessed time, although our crowd was small. After a good rousing sing, the good tidings of Salvation were delivered, and the invitation for volunteers for Christ was given. One young woman came to the drumhead and seven others asked for prayer. The new convert gave a stirring testimony to the crowd. Praise God for victory! The following evening at Manitou, four youths sought Christ at the drumhead and a large crowd of their town-folk and God rewarded their courage and sincerity.

On Sunday morning we were in Pilot Mound and held our Meeting in the United Church. Everybody enjoyed the Meeting. Here we met some Old Country Salvationists.

In the afternoon we were at Crystal City and at night in the United Church at Snowflake. The church was full and the annex had to be used. We rejoiced over one sinner coming to Christ, a good living man, but one who saw his need as the old story of Nicodemus was told.

We spent part of Monday with our American cousins at Hannah, N.D., where we had a fine Meeting at night. A very much larger crowd than we anticipated came in from the surrounding district. The singing was excellent.

Tuesday we had a slight mishap, therefore, our Meeting at Thornhill had to be cancelled. Going across a large slough north of Snowflake, the road is very narrow and at that point, owing to the roughness of the road, although proceeding slowly, our steering gear locked, landing us in the slough, flat on our side. But we are very thankful that neither the car, or the Charioteers were injured in any way.

While waiting for a tractor to pull us out, a gentleman passing in his car, asked us how much cursing and swearing we did when it happened, but we were glad to tell him that that sort of thing had no place in our hearts, but that we thanked God for His protecting care over us. We were put right again with the aid of seven men, a team of horses and a large Hart-Parr tractor. All gave their services gratis, which means a lot to farmers at this busy season.

At Darlingford we had a good Meeting, at the close of which three listeners raised their hands for prayer. A storm hampered our Meeting at Miami, but a good crowd stayed in spite of it to hear our message. Seven asked for prayer.

Seven other small towns were visited, at each we had good attentive crowds. Sunday night we had two Meetings in Morden, one at the United Church and another in the Main Street. No results were seen, but as the minister said, "we shall never realize on this earth the extent of blessing we were by God's help."

—Spot Light the Fourth.

## Sarah Talks Straight About the Children

(Continued from page 7)

and don't they love their mother? And is not Jack a Captain just gone to his first Corps? And is not Mary a Corps Cadet? And are you not full of hope that Benjamin, the baby, is going to grow up to be a child of God and an Officer?"

Now, I meant all this for the best, and I thought that what I brought in about the baby becoming an Officer would have pleased her. But you should have seen the look she gave me!

"Sergeant-Major," she said, "do you know what you are talking about? I don't think you do. Is that the proper talk for the man that holds your office? Do you think your baby?" (she always calls it my baby when she talks to me serious about it) "do you think that your baby is a child of the devil, and that he has to grow up before he can get into the arms of his Saviour? No, you don't and if you do, I don't! I believe what our Captain says that the promise of Salvation is to us and to our children, and

that I have received Salvation not only for myself but for Benjamin; and I believe that if he is taken away while he is a baby he will be taken to Christ's bosom; and if he lives and I nurse him for God, which I am going to do, he will grow up to be an Officer."

"Did you believe God took him, or didn't you? That's what I wanted to know. Well, whether his father believed or not, his mother did; and when the Captain came in the first time, and called him the 'Little Corporal,' I said to myself: 'Yes, Captain, that's it he has started early with his promotion, and his mother will hold him up to it until he is an Officer.'"

Hallelujah! Here is a letter just in from Tom. He has been caught by the Army, and got gloriously saved, and tells his mother that, if he can make himself worthy of it, he means to throw up every other chance in life for the best of all—to be an Officer! So Sarah has got her own way after all.

## A Companion Tune Index

Showing the Number and First Line of the Songs of The Army Song Book, and the Number of Its Companion Tune, or tunes, in the New Band Book. (Compiled by Hon. Dr. W. J. Handmaster, WJL, Canada, Winnipeg Citadel)

N.B.—Fresh settings and new tunes marked thus (*)		
Family Worship		
750 What is this that steals	741	
751 Father, Lord of earth	130	
752 Forth in Thy name	131	
753 Saviour I long to be	237	
754 Saviour lead me, lest	132	
755 Sun of my soul	31	
757 I want a principle within	31	
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760 My God, My Father	11	
761 Saviour I long to be	237	
762 I need Thee every hour	129	
763 Jesus, we look to Thee	129	
764 Captain of Israel's host	217	
765 Behold, the servant of	217	
766 Glory to Thee my God	217	
767 Alide with me	217	
768 Take the name of Jesus	217	
769 Nearer, my God to thee	217	
770 Summoned my labour to	217	
771 I do not ask Thee Lord	129	
772 If some poor wandering	129	
773 He it my only weapon	129	
774 My God, how endless is	238	

Dedication of Children	741	741
814 O Lord with gratitude	218	218
815 Captain of our	218	218
816 Behold the gentle	218	218
817 Father, we are	218	218
Funerals		
819 Servant of God, well	121	121
821 Why do we mourn	247	247
822 Rejoice for a comrade	247	247
824 When the roll is called	252	252
825 Summoned to heaven	252	252
(Promoted to Glory)	252	252
826 Happy soul, thy days	252	252
827 We shall meet	252	252

(To be Continued)

NOTE:—Songs numbers 750 to 774 were inadvertently omitted from our last issue and in order that our readers may have the full list they are given above. We suggest that the "Index" be cut out and kept for reference. The final list will appear next week.—Ed.

## BY MOTHER'S LIGHT

A boat carrying a father and his little daughter was out at sea. While steering for the shore, they were overtaken by a violent storm, which threatened destruction. The coast was dangerous.

The mother at home, conscious of the danger to her loved ones, lighted a lamp and started up the worn stairway to the attic window. "It won't do any good, mother," the son called after her. But on she went, put the light in the window, knelt beside it and prayed. Out in the storm the daughter saw a glimmer on the water's edge. "Steer for that," the father said. Slowly but steadily they came toward the light and at last were anchored in the sheltered harbor near the cottage.

"Thank God!" cried the mother, as she heard their glad voices and came down the stairway with a lamp in her hand. "How did you get here?" "We steered by mother's light," the daughter answered. "Although we did not know our way, that was it."

"Ah!" thought the son, a wayward boy, "it is time I was steering by mother's light." Before he slept he surrendered himself to God and asked Him to guide him over life's rough sea. Months went by and disease smote him. "He can't live long," said the doctor. "On Monday night he lay dying." "Do not be afraid for me," he said, as they wept. "I shall make the harbor, for I am steering by my mother's light."

## A GIFT SHE COULD NOT ACCEPT

(Continued from front page)

"Let us get one made in gold for you. That, surely, will be satisfactory to you," said the employer, and that he had found a way out.

"Even that is on a par with the other idea," came the gentle reply. "You see, there is no need for elaborate ornamentation. Such a thing makes of pride and vanity. A Salvation Army shield made of gold would be a mockery of our declaration, and a mockery with the spirit of the world, which I dare not allow. Please let me keep your assurance and good wish. That is all I desire."

"Forgive us, my dear," said the lady, softly. "I begin to see. Now I have an idea. You are going to become an Army Officer one day, I understand. Let us give you a tiny case. That will be useful, as my brooches cannot be."



## A BAD PRACTICE

A Bandsman writes us complaining the practice obtaining in many places where men pull out the slides of instruments with a pop and out the water with a sound very like that made by elephants through their trunks. No disused by many of the offenders not an uncommon practice in the evening Meeting, and makes a shle impression upon the concert. Our correspondent thinks Bands should take the matter in hand, courage the practice. He makes of getting his water out of the instrument after he has played. If men were to pull out the slides, the slides there would be no "pop" incidentally, they would give expression of understanding the laws governing the instruments.

## RHYTHM

The difference between rhythm and accent is as follows: number of notes of equal length emphasize every second, third, fourth; the music will be said to be in rhythm of two, three, or four in time. Now take a number of groups or bars and emphasize the same way as their subdivisions. The term will still be employed, and again, instead of notes of equal length each group consist of unequal, but similarly arranged; the form groups also is spoken of as the "rhythm," (though here accent is correct expression).

Thus we see that the proper division of the three terms is as follows: arranges a dissimilar mass of long and short; "time" divides into groups of equal duration; "rhythm" for these groups what "accent" notes.

Summed up, 'rhythm' is the music. The value of 'rhythm' as a stimulus to pure music is also to. If we analyse any piece of will be found that whether the distribution of the accents be threefold, the larger division always run in twos, the rhythm four, or seven being merely used to break the monotony. It is natural, for the comprehensibility of music is in direct proportion to the point giving a disturbed and character to the piece, until, attention to rhythm is ignored, becomes incoherent and incomprehensible though not of necessity disastrous.

## MISUNDERSTOOD

An old Scottish lady tramped miles to the city to have a description made up. One of the ingredients was a poison, and she poured this out with scrupulous measuring each drop as it trickled the glass.

Suddenly the old lady indignantly claimed: "Eh, mon, ye neednae mean. It's for a purr, wee laddie."

## Companion Tune Index

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The Army Song Book, and  
the New Band Book  
Compiled by Hon. Col. J. C. C.  
Winnipeg Citadel

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Numbers 750 to 774 were in-  
cluded from our last issue and in  
our readers may have the full list  
in above. We suggest that the  
list out and kept for reference.  
will appear next week.—Ed.

## MOTHER'S LIGHT

Carrying a father and his little  
son out at sea. While steering  
the ship, they were overtaken by a  
storm, which threatened destruc-  
tion to the coast was dangerous.

er at home, conscious of the  
loved ones, lighted a lamp  
up the stairs to the top of the  
house. "It won't do any good,  
son called after her. But  
put the light in the window,  
and it prayed. Out in the  
night, a glimmer on the  
water. "For that," the father  
said, "but surely they came to  
rest and at last were anchored  
near harbor near the cottage.  
"God," cried the mother, as  
the glad voices came down  
with a lamp in her hand.  
"You get here." "We steered  
light," the daughter answered.  
"I do not know out there."

bought the son, a wayward  
one I was steering by mother's  
side he slept he surrendered  
and asked him to guide  
his rough sea. Months went  
by and he came home.  
"I can't find the doctor. One stormy  
dying. "Do not be afraid  
said, as they wept. "I shall  
be, for I am steering by my  
mother's light."

## HE COULD NOT ACCEPT

(From front page)

get one from front page for  
surely, will be satisfactory  
and the employer, said that  
he had a way out.

ant is on a par with the  
came the gentle reply.  
There is no need for minute  
analysis. Such a thing is  
vanity. A Salvator Army  
of gold would be a mockery  
regeneration, and a genuine  
spirit of the world, which I  
know. Please let me keep  
my love and good will. That  
is all."

us, my dear," said the  
"I begin to see, now  
idea. You are going to  
my Officer one day. I  
will be useful, as you  
cannot be."



## THE SLIDE TROMBONE

BANDMASTERS should acquaint themselves more with the trombone section than any other, because it is an old saying, and a true one, that trombones either spoil a band or add grandeur and beauty to it by producing the necessary "color."

It is essential that the trombonist (whether he be solo, second, or bass) should have what is termed "a good ear," and he who possesses this priceless gift, he should retain his place in the valve sections. A player may do very creditably on a valve instrument, and yet prove a failure on the slide trombone, so it is necessary for the Bandmaster to see that he has the best musicians on this instrument. What is more pleasing in brass band work than a set of trombones playing accurately their allotted notes in a chord?

In the main, accompanying parts allotted to the trombone, provided they are played with "idea," that is, the player keeping in mind that he is the accompanist, and not the soloist, and playing the part as it is written and noting expression marks, are very pleasing to the ear, supplying as they do the necessary "color." How often do we hear folk say: "Oh, those horrid trombones, they're a nuisance!" and I agree with them, but why? Because the wrong men are playing them. It is a fact that cannot be ignored. How often the beautiful and voice-like effect of the trombone is abused and execution substituted for tone! If it is only kept in mind that tone comes first and execution last, players will be on the right track. The right and only style to be cultivated is a "vocal" tone, as the trombone is the instrument of the brass family nearest to that of the human voice.

Too often we hear the remark, "If only I had so-and-so's make of instrument I would get a better tone." This is mere fiction. If a player had cultivated the right method, the make of instrument he uses will not matter, for he will get the same tone on any. This is only cultivated by ceaseless practice of the right kind. It is no use practising marches

and such-like. They will in no way help tone production. Practice scales in a soft, sustaining manner, starting each note very softly and gradually swelling in the middle, with a gradual drop to *pp* again, and sustain each note say a breve. Play hymn tunes in a soft and slow manner, for there is no better music than these for tone-production.

When once this is cultivated, then, and not till then, should the trombonist study execution, which on the slide is termed "execution skip." A trombone player needs a flexible lip, and a good way of securing this is the practice of octaves in stress, producing them from the throat, which is the proper way to slide on the trombone, and which many players find a great difficulty in doing. The slide should be moved in a smart and decisive manner. Provided this is done and the slurring passages rendered by the throat, no finer effect can be wished for in trombone playing.

Another fault very prevalent amongst us is the habit of playing in a staccato style. This amongst skilled trombonists is a thing unknown, and should only be permitted when the music expressly instructs the player in order to get a certain effect desired by the composer. A broad, cantabile style of playing is needed, so that the words of the music are interpreted through the instrument, thus securing a "vocal effect."

Last, but not least is the matter of optional positions. A great many players have never taken the trouble to inquire into this essential detail. Many times smooth, cantabile playing is ruined by the clamor because the player has never learned these alternatives by means of which one note can be linked to another with great effect and "jerky" playing is quite avoided.



## "MY LORD, TO-DAY?"

Once I was anxious my own way to see,  
Not anxious at all who accom-  
panied me;  
Now I'm contented if He be my  
Guide—  
Just to join hands with Him, walk  
by His side.  
(Where art Thou going, my Lord,  
today?)

Once I was anxious my own words to say,  
Eager to set them in stirring array;  
Now I'm contented if His Voice be heard,  
Happy to listen and heed His dear word.  
(What art Thou saying, my Lord today?)

Once I was anxious my own will to choose,  
Thinking it sadness my own choice to lose;  
Now I'm contented to do His sweet will,  
Content to be active, content to be still.  
(What art Thou doing, my Lord, today?)

Once I was anxious my treasures to keep,  
Thinking it riches to heap upon heap;  
Now I'm contented, and finding it gain,  
To take the lone way—if He but remain.  
(What art Thou giving, my Lord today?)

So, be it in going, my Lord, go with me;  
Whatever I'm saying—Thy words let them be;  
Whatever I'm doing—Thy will for that day;  
Whatever I'm giving—Thy love shall repay.

—J.J.

## WHAT IS GOD LIKE?

I confess to you quite simply if you come to me and tell me Jesus will save my soul, or my body, or my family, or my career, I shall not only turn my back upon you, but I shall be definitely tempted to turn my back upon Him.

That is not the kind of Jesus you want—the kind of Jesus who says, "If you will only be a Christian you shall have nice respectable houses and be able to conduct yourselves like good little boys all your lives."

He did not come like that; He came and said, "This is how much I want you." All authority was given unto Him—Why? Not because He was clever or eloquent or wise, but because He hung, naked and impotent and heart-broken, upon the Cross; in other words, because He loved men more than He loved His soul.

Perhaps you believe in that Christ; perhaps you do not, but for Heaven's sake don't ask me why I believe in Him, for I won't answer you. All I know is that if one gets a chance of looking at His dear, disfigured face—

See, from His head, His hands, His feet.

Sorrow and love, that mingled down—  
I can only cry, "My Lord and my God!"

When you are beginning to reckon up your profits and your losses, I beg you to turn to the tremendous giving of the Cross, with all its agony and defeat and loss, and to remember that that is what God is like.

## Don't Keep the Good News to Yourself

When you have finished reading the War Cry  
pass it over the fence to your neighbour.

## THE OUTSIDE APPLES

A VERY casual remark which we made a few days since, that it was unfair to judge The Army by some of its followers, or the Church by some of its members, has prompted somebody to send us the following story, which we venture to pass on in the hope that it may comfort some—and rebuke others.

An American gentleman once invited a friend to visit his garden and taste his apples. He asked him about a dozen times, but the friend did not come; and at last the fruit-grower said: "I suppose you think my apples are good for nothing, so you won't come and try them."

"Well, to tell the truth," said the friend, "I have tasted them. As I went along the road, I picked one up that fell over the wall, and I have never tasted anything so sour in my life; and I do not particularly wish any more of your fruit."

"Oh," said the owner of the garden, "I thought that must be so. Those apples round the outside are for the special benefit of the boys. I went fifty miles to select the sourest sorts to plant all round the orchard, so that the boys might give them up as not worth stealing; but, if you will come inside, you will find that we grow a very different quality there, sweet as honey."

The point of the story is so obvious that we hesitate to attempt to apply it, but perhaps we may be permitted to say that those who hover about the brink of God's promises have little knowledge of the depths of His mercy; and those who dwell on the outskirts of His riches have little idea of the treasures of His Salvation.

And those who stand about the fringe of the Open-Air Meeting, the gossip on the sidewalk, instead of getting into the thick of things are—pretty sour apples.

## MISUNDERSTOOD

An old Scottish lady trapped several miles to the city to have a doctor's prescription made up. One of the ingredients was a poison, and the chemist poured this out with scrupulous care, measuring each drop as it trickled into the glass.

Suddenly the old lady indignantly exclaimed: "Eh, mon, ye needna be sae mean. It's for a pair, we orphan bairns."





## Centenary Call Campaign

### Allen Visits Victoria

Allen and Mrs. Merrett—den and his daughter Kay, a Guard Leader, had a week-long stay in Victoria. Meetings that were thorough by them and its. Fre-and-y of the name: instructive to the prison branch of the Work, so dear to the Brigadier. straight Salvation Army with the Bible readings. s of The Army's pioneer days were among the good things. der Kay Allen inspected the Guards and Sunbeams, and ans of satisfaction regarding ng and the work already was very encouraging to and their Leader.

y night Brigadier Allen gave three parts: Travel, Social The end of four Army back-latter being true stories with rning. The time went all o interesting was this lecture, s have a standing invitation in. While in Victoria they ets of old friends, Treasurer dy.

ed Mrs. Merrett are in the resh from their furlough at , and ready for the fray. Sunday of their absence

ullerton, Captain Croghan, Roskelly led the morning eetings, and Sergeant-Major other comrades, the after-d-Easy.—A.E.T.

### Drumheller

er (Adj. Reader and Capt. During the absence of our rough, the comrades have ing the Meetings.

led the first week-end. rest was manifested and the well-filled for the Salvation night. The special singing s much enjoyed.

ing Sunday, Captain Lang- visiting her home, gave the h Meetings. The Captain's also a special feature. Mrs.

### Fort William

iam (Captain and Mrs. ur Corps is marching stead- the Name of the Lord and ng for a baptism of God's o come upon all.

### WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

**CAPTAIN ALAN BRISTOW**, with his wife comes to the factory town of Sardinia to take command of the local Corps of The Salvation Army there. They find much work awaiting them. They become much interested in Will Coulter, a drunkard and hardsider. Shortly after their arrival in Sardinia there comes in them a young woman named Helen Ormond, who is in great trouble. Her father turns her from her home. They take her in and see her through her trouble and she afterwards comes to live in the Quarters with them. Officer O'Donnell seeks their aid in trying to locate his boy, Danny O'Donnell, who disappeared from home some months previously. A strike is called in Sardinia which ties up the town and brings great distress among the poor. In trying to meet the increased strain upon his slender resources Captain Bristow calls on Mr. Murray, the wealthiest man of the community, who consents to furnish coal for the poor, and milk for the babies. A spiritual awakening springs up in the Corps and many of the people are saved. Among these who are converted at this time is Will Coulter. Helen Ormond, gifted with the ability to rhyme, writes and sells some verses to greeting card publishers. When she hears that her parents have come into Sardinia through the strike, she sends the money she has earned to them, but her father returns it to her with some bitter words. Shortly after the strike ends, and when Captain Bristow offers to free Mr. Murray from his obligation to buy coal for the poor, the rich man does not wish to be released from it. About this time Officer O'Donnell is converted in one of the meetings held in the Hall. Helen Ormond's mother comes to see her at the Quarters and they become reconciled. Not long after this Brigadier Lincoln, the Divisional Officer comes to Sardinia for special Meetings over the weekend. On this occasion Captain and Mrs. Bristow are promoted to be Ensigns. Mr. Murray is taken quite ill and Ensign Bristow goes one night to talk to him about his soul. To his great joy he finds Mr. Murray a very real Christian. He is telling his great joy in his wife on his return when the phone rings. The answers it and turns from it to tell his wife the news. "Will Coulter is drinking again," he said. "Sergeant-Major Lachin and I are going to try to find him." They find Will in one of the saloons and after much anxiety and prayer, help him back into the fold.

### CHAPTER XIV Into the Flames

THE next evening, just after they had finished the evening meal, Officer O'Donnell, dropped in at the quarters for one of his chats with the young Officers. He looked natty and trim in his new Salvation Army uniform, for he was all ready to go to the Open-Air Meeting. He took the seat in the dining-room proffered him by the Ensign. It was a chilly evening late in Autumn and it looked very cosy and homely there in the warm light of the little dining-room. It was not long till the talk of the big policeman had switched on to his favorite subject, Danny. He inquired if they had yet had any word from the advertisement which had been printed for some weeks in "The War Cry."

"Not yet," said the Ensign in reply to his query. "It certainly seems to be slow getting results this time."

"Oh, well, it may 'reach him yet!'" returned the father. "I've been thinking about Danny more than a little lately. After I go to bed at night, and the lights are out and the room is still, I keep wondering where he may be, and 'wishin' I knew just what he might be doing."

Helen was clearing away the dishes from the table, and little Alan, who had but lately learned to walk, was fitting about the room in a zig-zagging way, in his erratic quick movements looking not unlike a huge bright butterfly. While the big policeman had been talking he was watching the little fellow. Just then the baby did one of those sudden and unexpected little things that are so cute in a baby and it had taken the big man's attention.

"Ain't he the cute little fellow, with the smart baby ways of him?" he commented, making with hearty laughter, a warm and tender light in his blue eyes. "He minds as so of Danny, when he was that age."

### Dropped the Dishes

Helen had just picked up a stack of dishes from the table, and at these words they slipped through her nerveless fingers, fell to the floor and were shattered in pieces with a nerve-racking crash. She looked ghastly, she was so white and shaken, and she was trembling violently. His Bristow ascribed her shaken condition to the shock from the crashing dishes, as seemed so broken up over the accident at Mrs. Bristow said to her kindly. "Never mind, Helen, there are lots more here those came from!" and turned it off with a laugh. But Helen did not soon recover from the effects of the shock. After this the rest of them went upstairs to get ready for the Open-Air Meeting. She could hear them praying and singing before they went out on to the street.

Not very many of the Soldiers had heard of Will Coulter's latest fall by the way, and so they were not surprised to see him

## A Few that are Worthy

By Envoy C. W. Waggoner

at the Meeting that night. However, those who had been with him the night before were a bit surprised, even his brother Frank, to whom he had given a half-promise to attend. He was not in his uniform, and he sat quietly through the Meeting, taking no part in it other than as a listener.

When the invitation was given for those who wished to surrender to Christ he quietly rose to his feet, and as quietly went down the aisle and knelt at the altar at the front. From more than one heart there rose a glad note of praise. To the

"Thank God someone found it out, and Ensign Bristow and Sergeant-Major Lachin turned out to find me! They found me and brought me here to the Quarters, and, with Mrs. Bristow and my brother, prayed for me. Afterward Frank took me home. But I could not sleep. A terrible unrest possessed me, and remorse for the thing I had done gnawed at my vitals. I walked the floor nearly all night, tossed between longing and fear. Oh, how I wanted to come back to God, but my fears told me that I had gone too far, that I had slipped once too often! But



Helen lay limp in his arms.

four who had spent the night before in prayer for him it was, indeed, a glad sight to see him come thus. He was scarcely kneeling at the altar when the Sergeant-Major was at his side. Mrs. Bristow knelt on the platform and breathed a tearful apian of praise. Frank Coulter did not go to Will, because he was too broken to take the few steps from where he was to where Will knelt at the altar, so he knelt where he was and unashamedly sobbed his thanks to God.

Will had not knelt for a great length of time when he rose to his feet again. His face was calm, but pale, and not lacking in traces left by the stormy seas through which he had passed the night before. When he rose to his feet Ensign Bristow asked him to have a word of testimony for the Lord. Will faced the audience and after a moment or two in which to get a grip on himself, he said quietly "Nearly all of you in here know me. You know what my failing has been. Many of you have held on to me, and helped me with your prayers. You will probably never know how much I thank you for this. Last night I fell again, I have no excuse to make. I cannot tell you why. I only know I went down before the temptation.

Finally I threw myself before God and pleaded for mercy. And He heard me. Just at dawning this morning He came to me with the peace for which I had so longed. Bless His name forever! So He saved me just as the day was breaking, but I came to the altar this evening for I wanted to make open acknowledgement of my wrong. I wanted to seek Him publicly. God knows my sin had been public enough. I am not going to tell you now how I am going to do. I have told you that in the past. Now I am going to let my life speak for me."

When he testified to the peace and rest that had come to him with the dawn, the hearts of the four, who had that night kept a love watch for him, leaped with joy. Each remembered that it had been just at dawn that they had ceased to pray for the sheep that had wandered away from God. There were glad tears in many eyes when Will sat down again after having given his testimony.

And from that night they noticed a difference in him. It was not so much in anything that could be named or placed, but there was an intangible difference that made itself felt among them. He was just a little more grave than he had

been, and there seemed to dwell in him a spirit of desperate earnestness. Perhaps this could be explained by something he said to Frank one night as they went home from Meeting together. "I somehow feel that I am on probation for the last time," he said earnestly. "That night after I fell the last time it seemed to me that I saw Hell open and yawning before me, and I think I suffered something of the torments of the damned. I don't think I ever realized so clearly before the wonderful patience of God, but at the same time I was made to feel as never before that there can be an end even to the patience of God. And when He forgave me and saved me an inner voice seemed to tell me that it was the last time, that if I ever yielded and went away from Him again it would be final. And I have had that feeling in my heart ever since." Certain it is that he was more careful than he had ever been before. He gave Bob Taylor and all the rest of his companions of the days of his sinning a wide berth.

December was ushered in with flurries of snow and a distinct feeling of cold in the air. Early in the month the Salvationists began to make preparations for the Christmas dinners for the poor. This had been omitted on the previous year on account of the heavy drain on their resources brought about by the great strike in Sardinia. Now the kettles were resurrected and given a fresh coat of paint, red on the outside and white inside, preparatory to their appearance on the street.

It was at this time that an event happened that had a great bearing on more than one life in the Corps at Sardinia. Helen Ormond had developed a route for the sale of "The War Cry", and strangely enough most of the territory for her sales lay in the district called London Bridge. The people there could never forget the kindness of The Salvation Army to them in their need during the bitter months of the strike, and now many of them bought "The War Cry" to keep in touch with The Army.

Helen was returning from there one evening. It was a little later than when she usually finished her route, and the early Winter darkness had fallen. It was almost time for the mills to discharge their crowds of tired workers. As she hurried along suddenly she heard the clanging of bells and the shrill sounding of a siren, and a fire department truck clattered noisily past her. It turned into the next cross street, and when Helen arrived there she saw people running from every direction. She could see the red glow of the fire not far away, and she, too, turned into the street leading to it with the rest of the rushing crowds.

She soon saw that the building, a ramshackle two-story wooden dwelling house, was doomed. The fire had evidently started in the upper story, and already long, red tongues of flame were shooting upward through the roof. Helen went as near as she could conveniently go and watched the progress of the flames that crackled fiercely, sure of their prey. Then there came a startling diversion. A disheveled and frenzied woman came rushing wildly on the scene. She was shrieking wildly. At first her cries were inarticulate to Helen, but as she came nearer, the girl with a shudder of horror became conscious of the words the woman was shrieking.

"O my God!" frantically screamed the frenzied woman. "My baby! My baby is in the house asleep! O my God! My baby! My baby!"

### A Wild Commotion

She wildly tried to dash into the burning building, but a fireman caught her and strove to hold her, but in her frenzy her strength was doubled, and if a comrade had not come to his assistance she would have broken away from his restraining grasp. In the stir of excitement this created nothing else was noticed. As the dreadful import of the frantic woman's screamed words dawned on the people's consciousness it created a wild commotion.

As for Helen, the realization that there was a baby asleep in the doomed house filled her with a numbing horror. She thought of her own little Alan who was at home. Suppose it were her who was there in the midst of that fiery hell. And almost without taking thought she acted. The struggling, screaming mother in the grasp of the firemen diverted attention from her, and she was almost to the house

## THE CENTENARY CALL CAMPAIGN

"Snatch them in pity from sin and despair."

(Continued on page 12)



Remember now  
thy Creator

# WAR CRY

Vol. IX.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8th, 1928

No. 38

## "Where there's a Will, there's a Way"

Have we not all resolved more than once—especially when confronted with the needs and suffering of the unfortunate in our midst—that we would definitely set aside a portion of our money to be devoted to the alleviation of their distress?

How better can we carry out the Master's injunction:

"LAY UP TREASURE IN HEAVEN" than by making a Will and naming The Salvation Army as a Legatee, joining thereby the satisfaction of knowing that we have done all in our power to perpetuate The Army's great work—a work which God has so signally honored and blessed in the past.

Any information or advice will be gladly furnished on application to—  
Commissioner C. T. Rich,  
317-19 Carlton Street,  
Winnipeg, Man.

### FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I GIVE, DEVISE AND BEQUEATH unto The Governing Council of The Salvation Army—Canada West, the sum of \$.....

.....for my property known as No. .... in the City of Town or .....

(If it is desired that the money be used for any particular branch of work it should be so stated.)

## Hem up your prayers with praise

By Commissioner Booth-Tucker

Someone has said, "Unless you hem up your prayers with praise they will soon fray out."

Tune: "He pardoned a rebel like me." Ye saints who despond and give way to despair,

Who cannot with courage take hold, Just hem up with praises the edge of each prayer.

They'll never fray out, or get old!

Chorus:

Just hem up with praises your prayer! Just hem up with praises your prayer!

Your prayers will fray out, And will give way to doubt,

Unless they are hemmed up with praise!

When Satan hurls at you his fiery darts, And trials are hardest to bear, Just drop on your knees, and although your wound smart,

Just hem up with praises each prayer!

When Satan appears as an angel of light,

And bids you seek comfort and ease, Just gird on your armour and rush to the fight,

And win the great war on your knees!

## We Are Looking For You

We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1801—Samuel Gibson. Age 40, tall, fair hair and complexion. Miner, missing from Drumheller, 2189—Mrs. Lillian Turner. Formerly of Montreal. Last heard of in Vancouver about 1907. Son requires.

2190—Roy Harrington. Age about 60, fair complexion, grows a moustache and is bald, height 5 ft. 3 in. Generally works as fireman in lumber camps. Last heard of at Prince George in 1921.

2191—James and Peter Laird Longgett. Left home February 29th, 1924, were then in Montreal but failed to come home. James, age 16; Peter 15. James 5 ft. 6 in., Peter 5 ft. 10 in. James dark hair, Peter auburn. James has flattened upper part of nose. Peter has scar on head with cut. They may be going by name of James Laird and David Laird. Mother is anxious that the boys know that it will be all right for them to return home; or if working, write and give their address.

2192—Rasmus Peter Hansen. Danish, age 25, last heard from at Winnipeg; tall, blonde hair and blue eyes.

2165—George Dixon. Height 5 ft. 10 in., fair and is 20 years of age. Last heard of in Winnipeg.

2174—William John Boone. Lived at Badger Lake four years ago. Medium height, well built, brown eyes, wears glasses. Mother anxiously enquires.

## Salvation Songs and Solos

### A Song for Young People

By Lt.-Colonel Ed. H. Joy

Tune: Work for the night is coming.

Here stretching wide before me,

In this my youthful day,

Gay with a bright adorning,

Seems an easy way.

Voices cutting greet me,

Of ring a life so free,

Prospects alluring meet me—

Is it best for me?

### REFRAIN:

Tell me, and tell me plainly,

Which is the best for me;

Best for my earthly journey—

Best for eternity.

Seeking for earthly treasure,

Seeking to find in vain;

Thirsting for worldly pleasure,

But to thirst again,

Empty the world's delusion,

'Tis but a tinselled store;

Haunting is sin's confusion,

Loss for evermore.

As I am gazing forward,

Into the years ahead,

Stretches another pathway

For my feet to tread.

Seems it so dear and lonely,

Seems it so strait and plain,

Marked with a blood-stained footstep,

Is it loss or gain?

Safe is the path of duty,

Even though temptations rear;

Here is the way of beauty,

Peace for evermore.

Road to a strong, sure holding,

Firm midst the earthquake shock,

Place of a safe abiding,

Grounded in the Rock.



There's a welcome for every man, woman, and child at The Salvation Army Hall. Why not "drop in" next Sunday to the Meetings.

## A Few That Are Worthy

(Continued from page 11)

before she was seen, a running blue-clad figure.

"Come back!" shouted someone who saw her. "It is death to go in there!"

It is doubtful if she heard, and if she did she paid no attention to the shouted words, for the next moment her speeding form had disappeared through the doorway out of which poured puffing clouds of dense, white smoke, occasionally lighted to a bronze and lurid gleam by the flames that raged above.

Helen's father, on his way home from the mill where he worked, had also turned aside to see the fire. He arrived on the scene just then, and, noting that something exciting in addition to the fire had taken place, asked what had happened. He was told by excited voices of the woman who had arrived shrieking that her baby was in the burning building, and of her frustrated attempt to enter the doomed house. "And now there's a Salvation Army girl in there!" cried one of his informants excitedly. "In the excitement over the other woman she got past the firemen and ran into the burning house!"

At these words a great, sickening fear took hold of Mr. Ormond. A Salvation Army girl! To him there was just one Salvation Army girl and that was Helen. The thought of her in that doomed building shook him to the very foundations of his being. Mrs. Ormond had been right when she had told Helen that it had been his great love for her which had caused him to be wounded so deeply. From the first his pride had been waging battle against the insistence of that love. Now

the thought that Helen was in that seething furnace swept everything else before it. With one bound love gained the ascendancy and triumphed forever over his pride. And thus it happened that in the excitement of the moment the second person got past the guarding line of firemen and dashed into the burning house. Inside, the place was filled with blinding and choking smoke. Near the front of the building the flames were just commencing to kindle on the first floor, but they were leering and crackling gleefully, like the laughter of fools, sure of their prey. Holding his breath, and blindly staggering through the reeking smoke he went on.

He found her just inside the second doorway he tried to pass through. She lay in a huddled heap on the floor and he tripped over her. Stooping he quickly picked her up and turned back, the leaping flames luridly lighting the way for him. He reeled through the doorway into the outer air, his straining lungs sucking in the smoke-filled air. Helen lay limply in his arms, and his mind bridged the gulf back to those happy days of old. Again she was his little girl aspen, and he was carrying her upstairs to her bed.

Eager hands reached out to help him as he staggered with his burden to a place of safety. He laid Helen's inert form on the frozen ground, and knelt beside her. He could find no trace of breathing in her, and a great fear snote him. She must be dead!

"Helen!" he pleaded brokenly. "Little Nellie, hear me! It's daddy, just open your eyes long enough to say you forgive me! Speak to me, Nellie!"

(To be continued)

In the days  
of thy youth

## COMING EVENTS

Alberta Chariot Captain  
Dunbar, Sat. Sept. 8, 10  
Bowden and Joudon, Mon.  
Tues. Sept. 11, Lacombe, Wed.  
Thurs. Sept. 13, Watskwan, Fri.  
monday, Sept. 14, Ed-  
monton.  
South Saskatchewan Chariot  
Pomphrey, Fri. Sept. 7, Hurlb.  
Chapman, Sun. Sept. 9, Morris,  
Marquis, Tues. Sept. 11, Polin,  
Lumsden, Thurs. Sept. 13, 14,  
Sept. 11, Droukwater, Sat. 8,  
Sun. Sept. 16, Regina.

Fri. Sept.  
Sept. 9,  
Red Deer,  
P. 10, 11,  
14, Ed-  
monton.  
Sept. 8,  
Sept. 10,  
Sept. 12,  
Sept. 13,  
Sept. 14,  
Regina.

Tune: "Blessed Assurance"  
Jesus, my Shepherd, my Saviour, my Lord,  
supply.

Down in green pasture He leads me to  
lie;

He leads me beside the still waters of rest;

My soul He restores to the full of the  
blest.

Chorus:

Jesus my Saviour, my Shepherd, my Lord;

All that I need, He gives to me.

He guideth my footsteps each morn of the  
day;

I live in His presence by night and by day.

If from the path I am tempted to stray,

He guards me from sin, and keeps in the  
way;

I walk undismayed thro' the valley of  
dread.

Where darkness and death gather over  
my head.

Evil I fear not, for with me Thou art;

Thy rod and Thy staff, they comfort my  
heart;

Thou spreadest my table in sight of my  
foes;

My head Thou anointest, my cup over-  
flows.

Goodness and mercy shall follow me still

All my life long, so my course I'll bide;

Then, Saviour for ever, in heaven above,

With Thee I shall dwell in the house of  
Thy love.—Jude Waddy.

Tune: "I Will Guide Thee"

There's a wideness in God's mercy,

Like the wideness of the sea;

There's a kindness in His justice,

Which is more than liberty.

Chorus:

High as the heavens, deep as the ocean,

Full as a river for ever it flows;

Wher'er it cometh gladness increaseth,

Wondrous the mercy Jesus bestows.

There is welcome for the sinner,

And more graces for the good,

There is mercy with the Saviour,

There is healing in His blood.

For the love of God is broader

Than the measure of man's mind;

And the heart of the Eternal

Is most wonderfully kind.

2120—Thomas Arthur Northey. Age 31,  
height 5 ft. 10 1/2 in., dark hair, brown eyes,  
dark complexion, born in England, Ont.  
Mississauga since August 11th, 1927.  
address, 1696 Pender East, Vancouver.  
mother anxious to hear from him.  
2107—Arnold Jordt Rasmussen. Danish,  
age 41, medium height, dark hair, last heard  
from in Winnipeg. Parents very anxious for  
information.

2151—William C. Perrin. 1  
dress, Norre, Alaska; daughter 1  
Hockie is extremely anxious to hear from  
2158—Josef Thorenson. Last  
Nacaim, Sask. Brother anxious to  
2169—James Huchon. Age  
10 yrs, fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion  
native of Dublin. Last known address  
Parents anxious for information on  
2121—Charles A. Barber. 5  
5 ft. 11 in., weight 140 lbs., dark  
hazel eyes. Labrador, mother of  
2180—Alexander Dobbin. 5  
fair hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion  
Native of Hollymow, Ireland. 1  
John Dunsmead, Russell, Man. 1  
by sister in Scotland.

2181—Walter Hardy. Age 19,  
lived in Vancouver, was a R.C.M.C.  
fencer. Father who is 95 wishes  
whereabouts.

2183—Christian Nielson. N.  
Drummond, age 19, lived in Wap  
River, Ont. Parents anxiously  
2159—John Thomas Ross.  
erson called John Christie  
Houttrap, Drummond, April, 1891.  
philomath. Was on police force  
Alta. Mother very sad on account  
2162—Arthur Michael Roddy.  
age 39, blonde hair, blue eyes, 1  
Port Arthur, Ont. Parents anxious

NEXT WEEK

THE  
W

WILLIAM BOOTH  
Founder

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS  
101 Queen Victoria St., London

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Physical and  
illustrated by T.  
page.

The Indian was  
eye and nerves of  
the wild beast—  
law of all who o-  
—depending for  
ness and power  
splendid example

But courage  
shown by the ma-  
mate or neighbor  
love for souls of  
sneering rebuff

We admire the  
shrink from ph-  
higher tribute is  
not lacking in mo-

Courage, Wisd-